

# The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

VOLUME IX.]

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[NUMBER 8.]

## DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

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## POETRY.

### "THY WILL BE DONE."

How sweet to be allowed to pray,  
To God, the Holy One,  
With filial love kneel down and say,  
'Father, thy will be done!'

We, in those sacred words can find  
A cure for every ill;  
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,  
And bid all care be still.

Oh, let that which will give me breath,  
And an immortal soul,  
In joy or grief, in life or death,  
My every wish control.

Oh, could my heart thus ever pray,  
With joy life's course would run,  
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,  
'Thy will, not mine, be done!'

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### NOEMI; OR, UNDER THE ROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF AL-

PHONSE KARR, BY H. J. RICHARDS.

—\*—

Your yellow rose is the souvenir of a

curious history.

It was my habit to visit, some two years

since, an elderly lady residing in my neighbor-

hood, whom I admired for her spirit,

no less than for her amiable and benevo-

lent disposition; she was passionately

fond of flowers, and you would scarcely

credit the pains I took in arranging the

bouquets that I occasionally presented, or

how delighted I was at her astonishment

at receiving a flower that was rare to her,

or of a variety not common in the country.

I met at her house, the other evening,

an old gentleman who had lately taken

possession of a very large property in the

neighborhood, which he had inherited from

some distant relation, on condition that he

should assume his name, and who, in conse-

quence, is known as M. Descondraies.

He caused himself to be present at my

friend's, and I might with reason be

jealous of his delicate attentions. The ac-

quaintance soon ripened into a mutual

friendship, and they spent nearly all their

evenings together at tric-trac.

I sat silently without interrupting the

game. When it was finished I offered

Madame Lorgere a bouquet of yellow roses

which I had brought for her.

My roses were very beautiful, which was

not the case with the yellow roses of that

year, the frequent rains having seriously

interfered with their floriferousness. Mine,

however, being protected by an overhang-

ing roof, were, perhaps, the only ones that

were well opened. Madame Lorgere ex-

claimed with delight at the sight of the bou-

quet.

My flowers elicited no remark from M.

Descondraies, who was apparently ab-

sorbed in reflection. I was at a loss to

account for their mysterious influence up-

on him; but presently Madame Lorgere

engaged his attention by some remark,

which diverted him from the circum-

stances. After a moment's silence, he re-

marked:

"You do not know that this bouquet re-

calls, as if by magical process, an epoch

of my life that relates entirely to my youth.

Within five minutes I am again in age!

Within five minutes I am again in age!

Within five minutes I am again in age!

Within five minutes I am again in age!

Within five minutes I am again in age!

Within five minutes I am again in age!

Within five minutes I am again in age!

"No, my uncle, there is no question of

money in my trouble."

"Let me hear it then."

"My father has just announced to me

that I am a lieutenant in the regiment."

"A great misfortune, truly. One of the

most gallant uniforms, and all of the offi-

cers' gentlemen."

"But, my dear sir, I don't wish to be a

soldier."

"How? You don't want to be a sol-

dier? Do you happen not to be brave,

eh?"

"I don't know that, as yet; however, I

shouldn't permit any one but you to ask

the question."

"Well, then, Cid, my friend, why don't

you want to be a soldier?"

"Because I want to be married, uncle."

"W-h-e-w!"

"There is no phob about it, uncle, I am

in love."

"And you call that a misfortune, you

ungrateful fellow? I wish it was I that

was in love, I assure you. And who is

the object of your chaste a flame?"

"Ah! uncle, she's an angel."

"By and by you'll prefer to love a wo-

man. However, what is the angel's

name?"

"She is called Noemi."

"That is not what I asked you. For

you, Noemi is all in all. To be sure, it's

a pretty name; but for me, who want to

know who the angel is, and to what family

she belongs, her family name is neces-

sary."

"She is Mademoiselle Amelot, uncle."

"The devil! that is better than angel; a

graceful, tall brunette, with an eye like

black velvet. I do not disapprove the

choice."

"Oh! if you could only appreciate her

soul!"

"I know; I understand. And you are

repaid by a return, as we used to say in

my time. Is that the way you express it

now?"

"Indeed, uncle, I don't know."

"How! you don't know, unworthy neph-

ew? You are every day at home in her

house, and you don't yet know whether she

loves you?"

"She does not even know that I love her,

uncle."

"Oh, indeed! you deceive yourself there!

my fine fellow, and you prove your inex-

perience in these matters. She knew it at

least a quarter of an hour before you knew

it yourself."

"My dear uncle! all that I know is that

I shall kill myself if I do not obtain her

hand."

"Oh! Ah! Very well, my brave fel-

low, there are many chances that your

wish will not be gratified. Your father is

very much wealthier than hers, and I very

much doubt whether he will give his son."

"Then, uncle, I know what I shall do."

"Indeed? What is it? Do nothing

stupid at least, and listen to your un-

cle."

"Yes, sir."

"In the first place, it is impossible for

you to marry at twenty."

"Why so, sir?"

"Because I do not choose to let you, and

without me this marriage cannot take

place."

he has a title, and still more, he is a hus-

band to her hand, and the corbeille is all

ready, whereas you will occasion some de-

lay. Go and see Noemi—tell her that you

love her; she is aware of it; at all events it

is well to do it; ask her if she returns your

affection, to wait for you three years, and

to write me a letter to that effect, which I

will keep; then I will break off the other

match; I will procure you a commission in

another regiment, and in three years, in

spite of your father, in spite of everything,

I will then marry you to Noemi."

"Uncle, I have no idea."

"What is it?"

"I will write to her."

"As you please."

"I left my uncle, and set about my epis-

tle. There was no difficulty in that, for I

had already written fifty letters that embar-

assed me. But as there was no help for

it, I bought a bouquet of yellow roses, and

slipped the billet into the centre of the bo-

quet."

"It was perhaps a very silly note, but I

remember it to this day."

"After the avowal of my love, I besought

her to return my affection, and to be faith-

ful to me for three years. I begged her,

in token of her consent to this, to wear one

of my yellow roses in her bosom; then, con-

tinued I, I shall dare to speak with you in

regard to my—may I not say our mutual

happiness?"

"Ah! so you placed the note within the

bouquet? Said M. Lorgere."

"I did, Madame."

"Well! and afterwards?"

"Alas! Noemi was no rose in her bosom

that night! I wished to kill myself; but

my uncle carried me off in spite of myself

to Clermont, and succeeded at length in

convincing me, and convincing me that No-

emi never loved me. 'And yet, uncle,'

exclaimed I, she seemed always so glad to

see me; she reproached me so tenderly when

I came late!"

"Ah! the women accept the love of every

one, but it is not every one they love in re-

turn."

"So I finally succeeded in nearly forget-

ting her, and married the colonel's daugh-

ter, whom I lost after eight years of mar-

riage. I am, therefore, alone in the world

now, for my uncle is long dead; yet, would

you believe it, I still sometimes think

of Noemi, and the wonder is, that I always

seem to see her chestnut curls, and, as my

uncle said, her eyes, while in truth she

must be a somewhat aged dame by this

time."

"Then you do not know what has be-

come of her?"

"Not in the least."

"Ah! your real name is not Descondraies

then?"

"No; it is the name of my uncle's estate;

my name is Edmund d'Altheim."

"Can it be true?"

"How can you doubt it?"

"I can tell you the fate of Noemi."





J. B. GODWIN, Editor.

ELIZABETH CITY:

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 28, 1858.

We are indebted to the Executive Committee of the N. Carolina State Agricultural Society for an invitation to the Fair to commence on the 10th of October.

We are requested to state that, for the accommodation of students going to Murfreesboro', the steamer Stag, Capt. H. Freeman, will leave Franklin upon the arrival of the express train from Portsmouth, as follows:—Saturday, October 2nd; Tuesday, 5th; and Thursday, 7th.

## GOVERNMENT EXTRAVAGANCE.

The right of the people to know the purposes for which the public money is used, none can be so silly as to deny. As the source from which the revenue is collected, it is their privilege and duty to enquire into the manner of its disbursement. Government should be held to strict accountability in the disposition of funds entrusted to its control, and it should ever be willing to furnish a clear, truthful and concise statement for public investigation, of the public expenditures. It is the people's right, also, to demand an economical use of monies for which they are taxed, and to require that the expenses of the government under which they live should be brought down to the lowest possible figure consistent with its honor and dignity. A parsimonious government, none, possessed of true national pride, can wish or desire; yet all will unite in condemnation of a wasteful or extravagant one. That they may be enabled to judge of this for themselves, it has been made the duty of the government to furnish a statement of its expenditures, as well as its receipts, and to give such information as is necessary to a clear understanding of the whole subject. Yet, how few there are, who read these reports, and examine for themselves. How small the number of those interested in the matter take the trouble to investigate the figures or to peruse the carefully prepared statements which are annually sent forth embracing the financial transactions of the country. They are scattered broadcast over the land through congressional agencies, and carried to every man's door in the columns of his newspaper, but for all this, not one in a thousand deems it requisite to spend his time in carefully perusing the document, valuable though it be. This is a fact too well known to the wily and designing politician to be neglected or despised. He is well aware that there is not a more powerful weapon at his command, an instrument more effective in arousing the popular mind, than that furnished him by a wasteful, reckless, and extravagant spending of the public treasure. Experience has proved how vast the influence exerted upon the body politic by inducing it to believe that a spendthrift executive was at its head and that a money squandering party controlled the machinery of government. It arose in its might and hurled the offenders, as they believed them to be, from power; it was aroused to action, and its strength was felt in the ejection from office of those who had been too careless, as it supposed, of its interests. The past is before the minds of the desperate and unscrupulous factions that, for years have been, without success, struggling to overthrow the Democracy. Encouraged by the result which attended the attack upon the administration of Mr. Van Buren, they think to accomplish the same end, by like means, for Mr. Buchanan. Knowing, as we have said, that the official papers containing a faithful account of the monetary transactions of the government, are, comparatively, unread, and that the fears of the people are easily excited by a charge of extravagance, they have set themselves to work to operate upon them to persuade that the world never beheld so corrupt and profligate an administration as the present, and that the treasury has been entered and plundered without compunction or remorse.

To do this, they have resorted to mis-calculation, misrepresentation, misstatement, a bulking of figures, and the adoption of every device to swell the amount to a ponderous size. By way of adding force to the accusation which they have brought against the Democratic party and the executive, the cost of collecting the revenue in certain localities, exceeding as it did the amount collected, has been prominently paraded before the public, but they have carefully suppressed the fact—and in this have been guilty of a deliberate attempt at deception—that in these same localities there were more money spent in collecting and less collected whilst Mr. Fillmore was at the head of affairs than at the subsequent period to which they allude. They know, and know well, that the disbursements under the existing powers are not more than the actual wants of the government require. They are well advised of the rigid and economical administration of the financial department of the country, and that it has been the settled policy of Mr.

Buchanan to narrow down the expenses to the smallest possible sums consistent with the spirit of our people and the national requirements. Notwithstanding their perfect acquaintance with these things, every unworthy expedient is being resorted to for the purpose of making it appear that there is a general system of plunder going on by the party in power, and that Mr. Buchanan and his cabinet are nothing better than thieves, swindlers, and pickpockets. The attempt is but presuming upon the failure of the masses to examine and investigate the records for themselves. It is an effort to impose upon the credulity of a people too much inclined to pin their faith to the statements of partisan leaders and loud mouthed political demagogues, without troubling themselves with the details of documents prepared expressly for their use.

As an evidence of the desperate means to which the opposition are resorting to fix this charge of extravagance upon the Democratic party, we subjoin the following extract from the Washington Union, which clearly exposes the whole thing:

"But our object in this article was to compare the *Statements of the Illinois senator with the facts as they appear of record.* The senator, after dealing in some general misrepresentations, particularizes a subject for which he censures the democratic party, and holds them responsible for an increase in the same. He institutes a comparison between the expenditures under this branch when Mr. Fillmore was President and the last year of Gen. Pierce's administration, and attempts to ridicule certain expenditures in certain localities by showing the disparity between the amount paid for the service in collecting and the amount actually collected.

For instance, he says at Wilmington Delaware, there was collected in 1857 \$2,004.95, while the expense of collecting was \$15,848.38. He omitted to tell his constituency that in 1852, the last year of Mr. Fillmore's administration, at the same port there was collected \$4,481.49, of which the expense of collection was \$28,131.10; and yet he held the document in his hand from which he obtained the one fact, and from which he might have communicated the other. Again, he says at Annapolis, Maryland, there was collected in 1857 \$374.25, and the expense of collecting was \$982.42, and yet he remembered to forget to inform his constituency, to whom he was endeavoring to impart the truth from the very same document, that in 1852 there was collected at Annapolis the very same port, \$123.60, and the expenses paid for the same \$2,133.80. Again, at Ocracoke, in North Carolina, \$82.55 was collected in 1857—expenses \$2,301.52; and yet this very official report of the Secretary of the Treasury which he triumphantly held up, contained the information, which Mr. Trumbull would not communicate to his people, that at this identical port in the State of North Carolina the amount collected in 1852 was \$43.72, and the expenses \$2,517.70; and so we might convict him of every case to which he could refer. Every one acquainted with the subject knows that many collection districts do not pay expenses, nor were created by Congress. They are instituted to prevent smuggling, and men cannot be expected to give their time and labor for such purposes without being paid for it. It could not have been Mr. Trumbull's want of sagacity that prevented him from knowing it.

The senator is equally unfortunate when he ascends from particulars to the total expense of collecting the revenue. He says that during Fillmore's administration the whole revenue was collected for much less than it was during the administration of General Pierce. This is the assertion of a senator who has reached one of the proudest positions not only in this republic, but, we might add, the world, and yet the official document he held in hand, and from which he attempted to instruct the people, contained the withering fact that the amount of revenue collected in 1852 was,

\$19,165,933.84
The expenses for collecting the same,
3,865,423.28
And the amount of revenue in 1857,
64,171,034.05
And expenses for collecting the same,
3,552,359.50

Is any further evidence needed to vindicate our charge that his speech was disingenuous, disreputable, and disgraceful?

## AMBROTYPES.

Mr. J. I. Burgess has just received a large stock of materials—larger than ever before brought to this place. Having fitted up his Gallery recently, he is now prepared to take all kinds of pictures for 50 cents and upwards. Mr. B. will be pleased to have the ladies and gentlemen of Elizabeth City call and examine his specimens. Gallery opposite Berry's City Hotel.

September 22.—The Russian steam frigate General Admiral was successfully launched from the ship-yard of William H. Webb, at the foot of Sixth street, East river, yesterday in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, including several Russian naval officers.—She is expected to be ready for sea on or about the 1st of May next. Her pivot guns will be of the Dahlgren pattern, and will be furnished in this country. Her side guns will be obtained in Russia. Her gun carriages are of mahogany, and every part of the vessel will be fitted up in a superb manner. She is expected to cost about \$1,250,000.

THE NORFOLK RAIL ROAD.—The Petersburg Intelligencer of 8th inst. says:—To day the Norfolk and Petersburg trains commence making regular daily trips.—They will arrive in Petersburg at 5.10 P. M., and leave in the morning at 6—coming up in four hours and forty minutes and going down in four thirty, and making connection with other trains to and from this city. All accounts agree that this is one of the smoothest, straightest and most substantial roads in the whole country.—Fare to Norfolk \$3.—or to go and come \$5.

F. P. Blair has published a notice of his intention to contest the seat of Mr. Barret in the next Congress.

## A BALLOONIST LOST IN THE SKY—TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

[From the Detroit Tribune, September 18.]

We have learned full particulars of the balloon ascension at Adrian, on Thursday, its subsequent descent, and its second ascension and runaway with the aeronaut while beyond his control. It is a brief narrative, but of thrilling interest. A man lost in the sky!—There can scarcely be a more terrible thought. It makes the flesh creep and sends a shudder through every nerve!

The first ascension took place about nine o'clock in the morning. It was on the occasion of a large Sunday School celebration at Adrian. The balloon was a very large and well constructed one, being about the height of a two-story building when inflated and ready to cut loose from its fastenings. Messrs. Bannister and Thurston took seats in the car, attached to the balloon and ascended safely and steadily. After remaining about 40 minutes in the air, sailing towards Toledo all the time, they alighted in the woods in the town of Riga, Lenawee county, near Knight's station on the Southern road, distant about 18 miles west of Toledo. Several men came to the assistance of the adventurers, and they proceeded to prepare the balloon for packing to be taken back to Adrian.

In doing this, the monster balloon was turned over and partially upside down to disentangle the netting and to reach the valve. To do this, Mr. Ira Thurston, one of the aeronauts, took off his coat and got astride of the valve hook.—He then suggested that the car be detached from the balloon while he should hold it down with his weight. This proved a fearful calculation, for no sooner was the still inflated body relieved of the weight of the car than it shot into the air with the suddenness of a rocket, taking Mr. Thurston along with it, seated upon the valve of the balloon, and holding on to the collapsed silk of the airship in that portion of its bulk. In this perfectly helpless condition the ill-fated man sped straight into the sky in the full sight of his companions, even more helpless than himself. So far as is known, there was no possible means for him to secure his descent, whether safe or otherwise. The part of the balloon filled with gas was full twelve feet above him, so that there was no chance for him to cut it and escape. He could only cling to his precarious hold, and go whither-soever the currents of air should take him.

Without any regulation or control of any kind the balloon continued to mount upward, sailing off in the direction of this city and Lake Erie. The fatal ascension took place about 11 o'clock, and at a few minutes past noon it was seen in the town of Blissfield, Lenawee county, apparently full three miles high, and about the size of a star in appearance. It was still going up and on! At a quarter past 1 o'clock it was last dimly visible going in the direction of Malden, as ascertained by compass bearings taken by parties observing it.

What is his exact fate baffles conjecture; but that it is horrible, almost beyond precedent, there can be no doubt. There is not one chance in a million for a successful escape.—Whether the unfortunate man was carried up so high as to become benumbed and senseless, death ensuing—or whether he fell off at length from his tremendous altitude, to have his breath sucked from him in his fearful descent, and to be sunk in the lake or dashed into a shapeless mass upon the earth, it is doubtful if any save God will ever know. The mind stands appalled in contemplating this fearful disaster, and blindly gropes in mazes of wonder at where his place of sepulture shall be.

Mr. Thurston was an experienced balloonist, having built several, and this being his thirty-seventh ascension. He was formerly a resident in the vicinity of Lima and Rochester, in Western New York, but has latterly resided in Adrian, where he was extensively engaged in business as a nurseryman. He was a widower, having lost his wife last winter. He leaves an interesting daughter about seventeen years of age to mourn her father's unknown, terrible fate!

## THE AMERICAN TREATY WITH CHINA.

Among other stipulations of the treaty between China and the United States are the following:

A direct correspondence between the American minister and the government at Peking. The right of an annual visit to Peking, and permanent residence of the minister there, with not more than twenty in his suite, if accorded to other powers. The suppression of piracy, and the opening of new ports to include Swatow and Taiman, in Formosa. The United States shipping never to pay higher duties than those of the most favored nations. The double tonnage duty abolished.—Absolute toleration for Christianity. The legation of the United States is to be located for the present at Canton, but hereafter it will be stationed at Shanghai. Exclusive jurisdiction of the United States authorities over the rights and intercourse of its citizens. Immunity of national flag and obligation of neutrality. Apprehension of mutineers and deserters, and of punishment of criminals. All other rights and powers granted to any other nation, not mentioned in this treaty, to inure to the benefit of the United States, its merchants or citizens. The treaty to be ratified within a year by the United States and by the Emperor forthwith. The claims for pecuniary indemnity, either for English, American or French losses neither admitted nor denied, but referred to Canton.

THE AFRICANS.—The captured Africans, taken on board the Niagara, to be delivered in Liberia, numbered two hundred and seventy-one, showing a mortality since their arrival at this port of thirty five instead of twenty-five, as previously stated.—The original number being three hundred and six. The negroes were all, apparently, in good condition. They gave evidence of being exceedingly well pleased with their manner of transportation from the Clinch to the Niagara, and also with the arrangements that had been made for their comfort on board the frigate, particularly with that portion of them which appertained to the cooking department.—*Charleston Courier.*

The following resolution was unanimously adopted at the democratic congressional district of Vermont:

Resolved, That we heartily approve of the sound and judicious course pursued by the administration with regard to the Kansas policy, as well as all other measures adopted and carried out by them.

The Washington Union denounces the conversation upon the Kansas policy between President Buchanan and Mr. Forney, related by the latter gentleman in his speech at Tarrytown, recently, for its entire destitution of truth. No such conversation took place, observes the Union, nor any conversation whatever upon the subject. The Union says—

"It was to be expected that an apostasy so gross as Forney's should be signalized by more than the common amount of that falsehood which renegades always delight in. He could not prove his qualifications for the new political association to which he aspires, without paying down his full contribution to the common stock of personal slander against the President. But the following statement, which we give just as he gives it himself, with his own account of the 'cheers' and the 'laughter' with which it was received, shows that he has fairly won the affections of his present co-workers in the business of detraction and calumny:—

"I went to Washington. When I got there I said to my old friend, Mr. Buchanan, 'For the first time in our lives we are at variance; having followed your lead thus far, I now find myself deserted.'—

"Well," said he, "cannot you change, too?" (Laughter.) "If I can afford to change," said he, "why cannot you afford to change too?" (Renewed laughter.) "If you, Douglas and Walker will unite in support of my policy, you will not hear a whisper of this thing; it will pass by as the summer breeze." I said to him "we differ; very well; with an administration surrounded by office seekers, living all the time in an atmosphere of flattery, followed by thousands of men who expect office, and who say to you you are right, Mr. Buchanan, we are down upon our bellies in the dust, please to walk over us and trample upon us, and we will be content and happy, you may believe that your policy is right; but I tell you, Mr. Buchanan, that there is a still, small voice in the hearts of the people that instinctively rejects and abhors fraud—and this is fraud and dishonor. I do not claim to be more honest than other men, I have, as all politicians have, done many things which may not square exactly with the rules of religion and right, and which I regret having done; but this thing I will not do. (Renewed applause.) I have reached the years of manhood, and I cannot go back to Pennsylvania and eat my own words, and become the slave of power. But then, Mr. Buchanan, you must tolerate these differences of opinion. Gen. Jackson tolerated differences of opinion among his friends; Col. Polk tolerated differences of opinion among his friends, as you are aware, for you differed with him upon the subject of the tariff, and yet you remained in his cabinet; Mr. Pierce tolerated differences of opinion. And here you are; the men who carried you into the place you now occupy having refused your favors, and having trampled the patronage which has been tendered them under foot, because they desired to serve independently. Here they are, asking to be tolerated in the indulgence of an honest opinion. (Applause.) The reply to that was, sir, I intend making my Kansas policy a party test. Well, sir, said I, I regret it; but if you make it a test with your officers, we will make it a test at the ballot box."

"Now, let it be remembered that this is given as a private and confidential conversation between Forney and his 'old friend' the President, and Forney himself is the man who repeats it on the stump amid the 'cheers' of the President's enemies.—Forney knew that the abolitionists there present would swallow it greedily as a thing calculated to bring the character of the President into disgrace and contempt. Is any man who will publish a conversation under such circumstances entitled to belief? In another part of the speech he says—'For myself, if I could descend to the business of publishing private letters, I could.' &c. In what school of morality did he learn that there was a difference between the baseness of publishing private letters and the baseness of repeating private conversation? Did Mr. Forney ever hear of a man who descended to either without becoming an object of public contempt?

Our purpose, however, was not to censure this statement for the want of honor implied in making it, but to denounce it, as we now do, most emphatically, for its unmitigated and total destitution of honesty and truth. No such conversation took place, nor any conversation at all between the parties on that subject. Mr. Forney never had the courage to address Mr. Buchanan in that strain, and he certainly had not the impudence to offer his advice to the man of whose personal character he had been the habitual traducer for months before Lecompton or anti-Lecompton was thought of.

The story he tells of the cabinet meeting is, like the account of his own conversation, wholly fabulous. We venture to assert that Mr. Walker never authorized any one to say that he insulted the President and cabinet by expressing a suspicion that they would behave treacherously. Nor is Forney's silly rookback about the dissenting member being taken out into an adjoining room warranted by anything which Mr. Walker is capable of uttering. That gentleman can easily be called on if Mr. Forney thinks he will sustain him. But he never will be called on for any such purpose.

Mr. Forney's disinterestedness is a subject on which he dilates with great union. We might reply to that if we thought proper. But for the present we shall dismiss him to the contempt he deserves."

## JUDGE ELLIS.

This distinguished jurist and devoted Democrat, the Governor elect of North Carolina, is at present on a brief visit to our State, where he has been most cordially welcomed. Judge Ellis has just been elected Governor of North Carolina, by a majority which has no parallel since that thrown for the Hero of New Orleans, Andrew Jackson. His eminent abilities, spotless private character, and consistent and heroic defence of the principles of the Democratic party, has justly won for him the high regard of the people of that gallant State whose welfare he has been called to keep "watch and ward." We are most happy to extend to this distinguished visitor the assurances of the high estimation in which he is held by the Democracy of the Keystone State.—*Pennsylvania.*

Hon. James B. Clay and a large party of prominent Kentuckians have gone to Indiana, bent on the destruction of prairie chickens.

## MR. JOHN W. FORNEY'S REVELATIONS.

At length Mr. John W. Forney has reached the zenith of his glory. His political star culminated at Tarrytown, N. Y., on the 2d inst., in a blaze of oratorical effulgence; before which the sable pyrotechnics of Gotham pale their ineffectual fires. We have seen his speech on that ridiculous occasion, and a wonderful production it is; rich, rare and racy to the last degree.—The world's curiosity is gratified even to satiety, in the long-looked-for publication of Mr. Jno. W. Forney's catalogue of private and particular grievances. It is all about himself, and abounds in pathetic narration, vulgar vituperation, and notitious reminiscences. But Forney exalts chiefly in anecdotes, himself being the hero of all his joocose revelations. What could be more diverting than his circumstantial account of the last stormy interview at the White House, between John W. Forney and President Buchanan? In this scene, the noble Roman of the Philadelphia Press shines with the most peerless splendor, a very Brutus.

Whom, nor the plaudits of a servile crowd, Nor the vile joys of tainting luxury, Can bribe to yield his elevated soul To tyranny and falsehood, tho' they wield, With blood-red hand, the sceptre of the world!

On the other hand, the President is limned in charcoal, black as Erebus, and plays the part of Caesar to Forney's personation of the refrugent patriot. We are told how he bearded the lion in his den, how he fulminated his charge of treachery full at the towering crest of the highest magnate in the land, how Mr. Buchanan tried first to wheedle and then to intimidate the doughty champion of justice and right, and how he (Forney) scornfully refused to bow his stubborn knee, and at last himself at the footstool of power. Then, he defied the "rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs of slaves in office," and how he berated the whole tribe of mendicants and mercenaries—"office holders and expectants"—who submit upon the precarious bounty, and have no will but to do the bidding of their masters in authority. Of course he never was an importunate applicant for place, nor ever enjoyed a morsel of official pabulum. He is among the irreproachable Baysards of the country, asking nothing, hoping nothing, and fearing nothing from the dispensers of federal patronage. True, he confesses that, like all politicians, he has done "some things which may not exactly square with the rules of religion and right; but for the occasional peccadilloes of his early career, he expresses the profoundest contrition, and swears, with Jack Falstaff, to purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do. His merits are only equalled by his charming modesty and self-abnegation. For all his unrivalled patriotism, and the unblemished purity of his political character (as *ipse teste*) he yet "does not claim to be more honest than any other man!" We believe that, and we are sure our readers will not credit the last assertion as a fact beyond dispute, however skeptical they may be of the rest of the narrative. We have long suspected that Forney is not "more honest than any other man," and now we have his own admission that his pretensions to the "rarest virtue of politicians" are of the bluntest description—no better than those of any other man. Swartwout or any other rogue in office not excepted. This declaration duly accepted, perhaps Forney's portrait of his own character is not unfaithful to truth after all.—But this is a question which the "discerning public," to whom he appeals with so much confidence, may resolve for themselves. As for that Munchausen touch—his final appearance in the White House, and what he reports himself to have done and said then and there—it will hardly impose upon the most stupid credulity.

But it seems Forney is not content with letting off his superfluity of rhetorical gas at the Tarrytown demonstration. In Wednesday's Press he promulgates "A card" to the universal nation, in which the former absurd aspersions of the Administration are briefly recounted, and this piece of gasconade added by way of appendix:

"This is to state that I shall calmly await the accumulation of all the accusations of the Administration and its agents, when, in my own way, and in my own good time, I will prove, all that I have written and spoken as to the gross betrayal of a great principle and a solemn pledge, and still further establish the justice and strength of the position of The Press and of myself."

Was ever vanity more conspicuously developed than in the person of Mr. John W. Forney? No doubt he thinks that all the world and the rest of mankind are completely absorbed in watching his movements and deeply interested in the "position of the Press and MYSELF." For one, we fear we shall not survive the period of gestation, however short, and therefore earnestly entreat the great political philosopher of the Philadelphia Press not to procrastinate the "greatest birth of Time," if he has any commiseration for suffering humanity.

Seriously thought, what abominable stuff! Forney's opinion of the Administration is inversely proportional to his self-conceit—if indeed, he really imagines that it will dignify him with an "accumulation of accusations," and that the entire nation is concerned in his personal or political destiny. Why should the President care any more for his suppliant rage, than for that of any other of the "lean doers," who once howled so piteously beneath the walls of the Executive mansion, and only left when the last bone of official patronage had been bestowed on some of the "favored few?"—*Pet. (Va.) Democrat.*

## MR. LETCHER AND THE VIRGINIA GOVERNORSHIP.

The friends of Hon. Mr. Letcher are urging his claims upon the good people of Virginia as candidate for governor, to succeed Mr. Wise. The people could scarcely elect a more reliable man. As a Representative in Congress, he is one of the most useful members in the house—ready in debate, active and bold, and possessing a thorough acquaintance with the internal economy of the Departments and their business operations. He is considered by lobbyists as their most dangerous foe, and half of them would turn out and stamp the State, could they hope to get him out of the way by making him Governor.

Correspondent Charleston Mercury.

Shor.—On Thursday last in Plymouth, a woman of disreputable character, named William Ann Gray, was shot and seriously wounded by Wm. Cooper. Cooper is now in jail. It is supposed that the woman will recover.—*Edenton Express.*

Gen. F. K. Zollieffer, member of Congress from the Nashville district, Tenn., has been appointed President of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad.

## SENATOR SUMNER SNUBBED BY THE BANKS PARTY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

At the convention of the party to search of a new name, which hates the national administration and admires N. P. Banks, held at Worcester on Tuesday, it is reported in the Journal that

John S. Barnes, of Boston, offered two resolutions glorifying Charles Sumner, and declaring that so long as his life is spared Massachusetts will look to no man as his legitimate successor. It was referred to the Committee on Resolutions.

Gen. Schouler reported the resolutions, but refused to embody those of Mr. Barnes. In lieu thereof the following was unanimously adopted as the opinion of the Convention:

Resolved, That it is the first duty of a representative to attend the sessions of the body of which he is a member, and that we recommend to the people of the Commonwealth, in the selection of senators and representatives, to require of those elected, as far as possible, a constant attendance upon the Legislature while it is in session, and thus continue what has been so well begun under the Administration of Governor Banks—the practice of short sessions.

The above applies to senators and representatives in Congress as well as in the State Legislature, and was doubtless intended as a hint for Senator Sumner to resign. Governor Banks, it is rumored, wants his place.

## DUEL NEAR THE CITY BETWEEN MR. O. J. WISE, OF THE ENQUIRER, AND HON. SHERARD CLEMENS.

About sunrise yesterday morning, a duel was fought in a retired spot, just beyond Fairfield Race Course between Mr. O. Jennings Wise, one of the editors of the Enquirer, and the Hon. Sherard Clemens, representative in Congress, from the Wheeling District, in this State. The weapons used were dueling pistols, and the distance ten paces or less than thirty feet. Three shots were exchanged without effect. At the fourth, the ball from Mr. Wise's pistol struck Mr. Clemens on the right thigh, a little below the hip, and passed through—causing a serious fracture of the bone—Mr. Wise was uninjured. The parties then returned to this city, and Mr. Clemens was conveyed to his hotel, where he now lies under surgical treatment.—The wound, we understand, has, as yet, caused him but little suffering, or rather, he has thus far evinced the utmost fortitude, maintaining the composure which he is said to have exhibited on the field. The difficulty grew out of certain strictures in the Enquirer, on Mr. Clemens' course in connection with Judge Brockenbrough's and Mr. Letcher's claims to the Governorship.

Richmond Whig, 18th.

## DUPLIN COUNTY—JUDGE HEATH.

The Associate Editor of the Journal visited Kennesaw this week, it being that set apart for holding a special term of the Superior Court for Duplin County.—Judge Heath, recently appointed to fill one of the two vacancies created by the resignation of Judges Ellis and Person, was present and presided; so far as we could judge, ably and satisfactorily. Judge Heath has the reputation of being a sound lawyer; he is a gentleman of pleasing manners, and of fine personal appearance. His purity and integrity have never been called in question. We think the appointment a most excellent one. The regular term of Duplin Superior Court will be held next week.—*Wil. Journal.*

PERSONAL.—We had the pleasure yesterday of meeting our Senator, Hon. Wm. S. Ashe, after his return from Europe. He sailed from New York on the 23rd of July. His trip seems to have agreed with him, as he appeared in excellent enjoyment of fine health. He visited England on the 10th inst., and the Wilmington and Raleigh R. Co., of which he is President. We are pleased to learn that he has been able to arrange satisfactorily the matters which he had in charge.—*Wilmington Journal.*

WASHINGTON SUPERIOR COURT.—A NEW TRIAL.—Gausey, arraigned and tried in Plymouth for the murder of Collins, was tried for that offence in Plymouth last week.—The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty," but the Judge—Shepherd—granted him a new trial, upon the ground that his charge to the jury might not have been precisely correct.

Edenton Express.

## THE MISSING AERONAUT.

The balloon that carried off Mr. Thurston, the Aeronaut, on Thursday, came down four hours afterward, near Baptist Creek, Canada West. Mr. Thurston was seen upon it a short time before it was secured, and he probably fell off when over the marshes near Lake St. Clair. A search is being made for his remains. The affair has caused great excitement throughout the country.

## THE MUTINEERS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22. On information received through the State Department, that the mutineers of the ship Tarrar are at Tal, one of the Cape Verde Islands, the Secretary of the Navy has transmitted instructions to the flag officer of the African Squadron to send them to the United States for trial.

THE MYSTERIES OF COURTESHIP.—"Sally, don't I like you?"

"La, Jim, I reckon so."

"But don't you know it, Sally? Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of anybody that dares to look at you for a second?"

"I s'pect you would."

"Well, the fact of it is, Sally, I—"

"Oh, now don't, Jim; you're too sudden."

"And, Sally, I want you to—"

"Don't say anything more now; I will."

"But it must be done immediately; I want you to—"

"Oh, hush, don't say any more."

"I want you to get—"

"What? so soon? Oh, no—impossible!"

Father and mother would be angry at me."

"How? Be mad for doing me such a favor as to—"

"Yes! dear me! Oh, what a feeling!"

"But there is some mistake for all I want to have you do is to mend my trousers."

"Sally could hear no more. She threw up her arms, and screaming hysterically, fainted away as dead as a log."

Gen. F. K. Zollieffer, member of Congress from the Nashville district, Tenn., has been appointed President of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad.

## WANT OF AN ARCHITECT.

There is a story on record of a man repudiating any connection with the building fraternity, in the case of the architect of Rochester Bridge, and other fine buildings in the county of Kent. He was under cross examination, and special jury came at Maidstone, and went—afterwards Baron—Garrow, wished to distract from the weight of his testimony, and who, after asking him his name, proceeded thus:

"You are a builder, I believe?"

"No, sir; I am not a builder—I am an architect!"

"Ah, well? Architect or builder, tender or architect, they are much the same, I suppose?"

"I beg your pardon sir—I cannot admit that; I consider them to be quite different!"

"Oh, indeed! perhaps you will wherein this great difference consists?"

"An Architect, sir, prepares the plan, conceives the design, draws out a specification—in short, supplies the mind of the builder is merely the bricklayer or the mason—the architect the power that the machine together, and sets it going."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, will do! And now, after your ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you could inform me what was the architect of the Tower?"

"And now mark the reply—pompousness and wit, is perceived as rivalled in the whole history of the confusion!"

## DIED.

In this town, on Monday morning of September, 1858, of typhoid fever, Capt. SAMUEL S. DAVIS—leaving five children, brothers and sisters—large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

During the illness which terminated earthly existence, Capt. Davis's feelings—if it can be said that he had for his "end was peace, his spirit with Christian fortitude, and was to the will of his Maker. In the hour of husband, father, and friend, a man could possibly be so affectionate and true. And in his actions with his fellow men, he said of him that he was

"An honest man."

For many years a member of the Baptist



**AYER'S**  
**CHERRY**  
**PECTORAL.**

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF  
**Colds, Coughs, and**  
**Horse-coughs.**

RECEIPIES, MARK, 20th Dec. 1864.  
DR. J. C. AYER: I do not hesitate to say  
the best remedy I have ever found for  
Coughs, Hoarseness, and all the other  
concomitant symptoms of a Cold, is your  
CHERRY PECTORAL. I have used it  
my practice and my family for 30 last  
two years has shown it to possess super-  
ior virtues for the treatment of all  
complaints. KIRKEL HENRIE, M. D.

DR. A. MORTLAND, New York, N. Y., writes: "I highly  
commend your Cherry Pectoral as the best  
I have invented. It is my family one and  
I purchase one put out. With a bad cold  
my family five dollars for a bottle there, do I believe it

**Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza,**  
BRISTOL, N.H., Feb. 19, 1902.  
BOSTON ARE: I will cheerfully testify that *Ward's* Cough Cure is the best remedy for croup, whooping cough, and the chest diseases of children. I have used it for many years, and my skill, as a physician, is enhanced by its use. I can assure you, it is the best cough remedy now on the market.

**HIRSH CONSOLE, M.D.**  
"I have treated influenza, which continued me in bed for a week, and whooping cough, which continued for a month, by the use of *Ward's* Cough Cure, and I can assure you, that I have been cured by the use of *Ward's* Cough Cure. I have used it for many years, and my skill, as a physician, is enhanced by its use. I can assure you, it is the best cough remedy now on the market."

**ASHTON or PHARMACEUTICAL BROTHERS,**  
100 N. BROADWAY, N. Y. C.  
SAY: Your Cherry Cough Syrup is performing a valuable service in the treatment of croup, whooping cough, and the chest diseases of children. I have used it for many years, and my skill, as a physician, is enhanced by its use. I can assure you, it is the best cough remedy now on the market."

**HENRY L. PARKS, Merchant.**  
A. A. RANNEY, M.D., of Sumner, Mo., writes: "I have found nothing better to cure Croup, Whooping Cough, and the chest diseases of children, than *Ward's* Cough Cure. I can assure you, it is the best cough remedy now on the market."

We might add volumes of evidence, but the most convincing is the volume of this remedy to find it in effect upon trial.

[illegible]

and exel diseases. They plough out the full human body, and they are the only organs that assimilate oxygen or dissolved organs into their natural state. They are the source with strength to the whole system. Not only do they care the everyday comforts of every body, but they are the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in themselves, doing nothing. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Consumed by men of such exalted position and character as to rebel against the notion of upstuffs. Many eminent men have been cured of their ailments, and have been able to publish the reliability of my remedies, while others have sent me the assurance of their curetion that my remedies are the only ones to rely on for the relief of the afflicted, suffering fellow men.

[illegible]

the above, together with a very large stock of Music, on hand.

VICKERY & COMPANY,  
Book Store, Norfolk, Va.  
No. 2-B, Any piece required, not on hand, can be procured in a day. my 11

DR. THOS. W. UPSHUR

BEING HEREBY ORDERED TO THE COUNTY of Pasquotank, for the purpose of holding a Court in the practice of his profession. Whereas his services to his old friends and the community generally have been so long and so valuable, and he is so generally and gratefully remembered, he will devote his entire time and attention and ability to all cases entrusted to his care, and, soliciting a continuance of their confidence and patronage, he desires to do his best towards giving general and universal satisfaction.

He is personally attended at Mrs. Elizabeth Nigh's, where he can be found, either by day or night, when not professionally engaged.

THO. W. UPSHUR, M.D.  
January 12, 1858. my 11

REV. DR. DEON.

FOUR YEAR OLD DEVON BULL, BORN

[illegible]

**RICHMOND POTTERY**—**SHERWOOD & YOUNG**, Agents, have on hand a large assortment of Jars, Jugs, Churns, Butter Pans, Cyster Jars, Spittoons, Firepots, &c., for sale at low prices. Liberal discount allowed on orders over Ten dollars.

In connection with the above, we are prepared to furnish 3 and 4 gallon Jars, made expressly for fruit, with corks fitted to each. The selection of persons dealing in preserved fruit is referred to them. Samples can be seen at our store, No. 14 Exchange Square, Norwich, N. H.

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